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VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1746.

Original Novelet.

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

BY EMILIE F. CARLEN,

Author of "One Year Ago," "Rachel's Secret," "The Rose of Ommo," etc., etc.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH, FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ELBERT PIERCE.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIDOW.

The following morning the widow was seated in her commodious, elegantly carved, and softly cushioned, ebony arm-chair, in a room whose windows were darkened by heavy curtains, and whose gloomy aspect was rendered still more gloomy, by the dark colored paper with which the walls were hung. Matilda Brodelrich was the widow of a wealthy merchant, and her brother-in-law, by the profession of the spectator. He had left his business to manage his estate, and was absorbed in an expression of anxiety which rendered it doubly interesting. No person could behold the grief and anxiety on her charming features without experiencing a desire to dispel it.

Matilda's were not employed in any light ornamental out-stitch to dissipate her grief. Not one of her hands toyed with a kerchief of the richest cambric, in the other she held a golden locket, fashioned in the shape of a heart, and engraved with capital designs and figures.

Neither this was the case that contained the beloved heart of her husband.

Whether Matilda's grief were true or false, was a problem, at all events, was apparently of great value to her estimation, for she repeatedly unclasped it to her lips with passionate grief, and her tears fell thick and fast upon it. But in this exhibition of love and tenderness there was not sufficient, she opened the locket, and disclosed a lock of yellow, curly hair, which contrasted most powerfully with the locket, and the dark mourning habit of the widow. Matilda's head was well furnished, though not remarkable for intellect, and her features were regular, but too much shaded by the heavy crape veil, which, when she was in company, she threw back from her face.

"Ah, a hundred!" she exclaimed, suddenly starting up, and pressing the locket, fashioned in the shape of a heart, and engraved with capital designs and figures, against her lips.

"I shall be satisfied with one. Here the locket is beautiful, and the hair is mine, and never again leaves me with a cull."

"Never!"

"I love here alone, for the sake of being alone, and wish to remain so as long as I abide here."

"I will obey you; but first permit me to congratulate you that I did not refuse to answer your curiosity, but for—"

Matilda's countenance expressed an interrogation point.

"I have already had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"Mr. Wallenberg!" she exclaimed, and looked at her watch as she hit her lip with vexation.

"My presence troubles you—I will relinquish my place for a happier mortal than myself. The only thing that now remains is for me to beg your pardon for this intrusion, and to say that you will be more angry with me if I speak it, therefore I will hold my peace."

Matilda bowed upon at Virbee's words, and replied hastily:

"No, you will not for ten minutes' conversation, which I refused. I will now grant them to you to explain the meaning of your allusion."

"A thousand thanks!"

"Be seated," Matilda continued standing until now, seated herself, but at such a distance that even the most fastidious person could find no fault with his familiarity. The general department resembled that of a man who was about to receive a lady, instead of craving one.

"I am waiting for you, sir."

"I intended to say, madame, that you are suffering, and you have my sympathy; you are alone and love your solitude. Knowing this to be the case, I would not have presumed to ask you for your consent, to come to your aid. No one is to be so much in love with his own sorrow, that he is not at all willing to accept means to dissipate it, when they are offered by a friend. Consequently, I am delighted to have arrived for you. You are surprised, undoubtedly, at my boldness in mingling myself with your grief, but you will pardon me, I hope, madame. However, be that as it may, if I have been guilty of any fault, I am entirely a differ- ent person."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, only I have discovered that both beings, at least, reside in one neighbor- hood."

"Human beings have always lived here."

"Certainly: but only those of an inferior class."

"And now?"

"An individual of a higher order has arrived—I met a young gentleman, yesterday morning, in Mademoiselle Ambermore, that he looked exactly like one of those beautifully-shaped angels. You must certainly have noticed him, for he is quite an angelic, with every gentleman's stere on Christmas Eve."

"What is he of his occupation?" inquired Matilda, with a slight blush.

"He, he is dark, like an Italian, and shall probably be a painter, for I have noticed a pallet and pencil case in his hand."

"Why do you trouble me with this new- some? What do I care for this stranger's ap- pearance?"

"Indeed, madame, I assure you—"

"Silence, and do not inform me of any more of your discoveries."

"You, madame, I will be silent: I will not disturb my proper position. But I supposed it would be for me to make any further inquiries into your companion than your warrant when we met again, of course, I will do so."

"You may be so when I feel inclined for your companionship, and when that happens I will inform you."

Matilda waved her hand, and Sophia, not daring to do otherwise, left the apartment. As soon as Matilda was alone, she knelt down upon a cushion which was before near the sofa, and fixed her eyes on a portrait which was suspended against the wall. It was the portrait of her husband, and Matilda had been a good wife, and the portrait a picture of a saint, she could not have prayed more devoutly than she did when she prayed to be united with the object of his portrait, or whether she petitioned for the departed spirit to descend to her, she could not say, but her heart were those of sor- rowful despair, rather than those of stated fer- vent earnest grief which causes us to hope soon that the beloved ones who have passed into the spirit land, will soon follow us. Suddenly entered the room, and replied to Matilda's gesture of displeasure by stating that Mr. Wallenberg, the Rector, had called, and requested that he might be admitted to her. An expression first of discontent—which was subsiding—but blend- ed with pepper, with a glance of pleasure, a little smoothing gravest and a slight flush upon her cheek, she said:

"Tell the Rector to wait for me, I will be with him in a moment."

CHAPTER VII.

CONSOLER NO. 1.

Ten minutes afterwards Matilda entered the room where she stopped back in astonishment when her eyes encountered the features of Mr. Wallenberg and modest Rector whom she had left in the morning. The day before, he had been considered indebted of a bold bearing, and consciousness superior.

My servant must have misunderstood you. I did not hear aright. She certainly as- sured me that the Rector Wallenberg had business with a visit."

She did so she was requested," replied Virbee. "I stand as his representative: he had the misfortune of knowing you, and as I had not the honor of knowing you, I was unable to serve up a whole pig, boiled on one side and roasted on the other, and stuffed with sage and onions, as the Rector Wallenberg."

Matilda bowed graciously, but with dignity, and said, as she seated herself:

Be seated, and inform me why I have the honor of this visit. I have but a few moments to spare."

"A few moments," repeated Victor—Si- lence himself—I cannot make the best of them to explore the price before Edwin asks in said re- quence me as a pirate."

The cause of Victor's visit was simply this: He considered it his duty, as Jacob of old did when he deprived Esau of his birthright, to rob his brother of his consonance, and accord- ingly determined to visit the widow in her sanctuary, without Edwin's knowledge. Vic- tor superintended an absence at this conduct, for he thought, that in love, as well as in war, strata- gem and deceit win the day. In this instance it is hardly necessary to mention that, notwith- standing his lesser reflections, his lips were kept in entire silence.

"I am commissioned," said he, "a to —— but I will inform you of my errand a little after. Will you grant me the favor of ten minutes conversation on other topics?"

"I promise," said Matilda, seriously, "that you are acquainted with my circumstances of life, and I had hoped that my person would in- trude on my privacy for the sole purpose of gratifying his curiosity."

"Ah, madame, you are too severe. Com- mand me to leave you; blame me for my bold- ness in endeavoring to interest myself for you, but do not accuse me of unpardonable curio- sity. That would be a denomination of reward, and I shall never forget the respect due to your sex, your situation, and particularly your present defenceless condition."

"You are frank, indeed; but give me a single proof—"

"A hundred!"

"I shall be satisfied with one. Here the locket is beautiful, and the hair is mine, and never again leaves me with a cull."

"Never!"

"I love here alone, for the sake of being alone, and wish to remain so as long as I abide here."

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The cause of Victor's visit was simply this: Edwin Wallenberg gazed earnestly into the face of the beautiful Matilda, who, with down-

Our Picture Gallery.

THE BALSHAI, GREAT THEATRE, ST. PETERSBURG.

FROM SEARS' ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

From the enjoyment which the Russians of all classes take in every species of scenic dis- play, the theatre is particularly a popular place of amusement. During the summer at St. Petersburg, which continues the whole of the winter, Alexander Theatre, in the Newskoi Prospekt, and the Italian in the Summer Garden Park, and of the Grand-Duke Michael. The perform- ances at the two former are devoted to Rus- sian and French comedies, and operas, the latter to French and German dramas. The houses are magnificent, very nearly semi-circular in shape and handsomely decorated; and a sing- ular interest lies for the Imperial Family occupies a ticket at the house, on which the number of large theatres on the imperial capital: the Bal- shoi or Great Theatre, (a view of which we give above,) on the square of the names of the Neska and Catherine Canals; the Alexander Theatre, in the Newskoi Prospekt; and the Italian in the Summer Garden Park, of the Grand-Duke Michael. The perform- ances at the two former are devoted to Rus- sian and French comedies, and operas, the latter to French and German dramas. The houses are magnificent, very nearly semi-circular in shape and handsomely decorated; and a sing- ular interest lies for the Imperial Family occupies a ticket at the house, on which the number of the seat is likewise specified, as when in the imperial livery at once conducts the visitor to his appointed place, and on the termination of the evening, ejects the intruder in the most summary manner. The ordinary price of the seats is one silver rouble, but in the two rows nearest to the stage they are two sil- ver roubles. On extraordinary occasions, how- ever, the public are put under extra contribu- tion; and sometimes prices have been raised in England, an arm-chair in the pit being sold, on one occasion, for more than four dol- lars; the other prices being raised in proportion.

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR,

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "Vivia- and Magdalene," "Fair Play," "Retri- bution," etc., etc.

"The Deserter Wife," etc., etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

ONE OF JACKO'S TRICKS.

"All-all outgrowing, strange, affecting things That lie too deep for deeper thought to reach. The strangest sure these smiles of sentiment, That like the fountain of some azure grotto Play in the light of heaven, and yet are born Deep in the bosom of the earth."—Bailey.

Sans Souci stood before the parlor mirror, gazing into it, seeing—not the reflected image of herself, but—the pale, pensive, sad face, with its round, polished forehead, its strong, dark eyes, its sunny, curling hair, its jugonal little nose, or petulant little lips—but contemplating, as through a magic glass, for the first time, the real character of Miriam, the Avenger.

Without doubt, and Madame Bendelich wrote to this peasant imploring him with the strongest words, to perform this errand for her."

"Indeed, and have you the letter?"

"Yes, certainly, she sent it together who brought you the note yesterday, gave me one also. She replied in a letter which I had writ- ten to her the day before."

"What, you would not make me believe you have enjoyed a correspondence with one who formerly offended her?"

"I did not say that she was the person who opened the correspondence."

"What, did you dare to—"

"I only sent a little strip of paper by en- closing it in your spacious envelope."

"Indeed, then you have been smuggling by using my name as a shield," replied Edwin, blushing with vexation.

"I could not resist another shield!"

"By all means."

And I reply, by stating to you that I have already found an excellent shield, or better, a shelter."

"And of what does it consist?"

"That is my secret. The result must satisfy you, and I have sent the result in this letter."

"And do you know who wrote this letter?" inquired Edwin, with a malicious sniile.

"That is no affair of mine."

"Or if it should have been written by another and more fortunate lover—"

"Then I should not have written it."

"What a cynical idea it was to send you as a messenger!"

"Oh, what dark fancies jealousy can call forth!"

"Simple-mindedness and vanity mingled can never be convinced of anything reason- able."

"I care nothing for your alliance as far as I am concerned, but you have accused a noble lady of crime unjustly."

"Oh, no, only of an error which has since been to her wit and understanding."

"I should like to know what he knew indeed if she should, at last time, when the whole neighborhood rejoiced that Edwin was about to be married, engage in such a proceeding for the death of her husband, engage in such a—"

"I grant you that."

"Are you convinced now?—and now fare- well, I shall ride to Tintelvik to deliver the letter."

"You do not think that she will admit you at this early hour?"

"I do not, but intend to give the letter to the first servant I meet. My reward will come in due season."

It was half past six o'clock when the gate at the Rector's residence was opened to admit the knight. The window blinds of the widow's apartment were partially open, and through the narrow aperture were seen the features of the lady's night cap, the fringe and that was all; for the blinds of the window were closed, and dealy thrown wide open, and Mademoiselle Sophia's head, decked with curl papers, over which a red silk handkerchief had been coarse- ly thrown, appeared in full view.

"What?" exclaimed she, "Mr. Wallenberg here so early?"

And the officious young lady, who thought it would indeed be a pity if the gentleman should be received only by a common servant, disappeared forth to meet the visitor, and hastily removed the papers from her hair, and arranged the long ringlets satisfactorily, she then set forth to meet the visitor, and Sophia was somewhat vexed when the thought of the last time with which Victor had troubled to ac- cord her former advances; but yet she thought it would be a pleasing change in her monotonous life to look upon a face which can describe her angry mortification, when the young man received her with the greatest in- difference possible! He presented the letter to her, and without a word or glance of fare- well, turned his horse's head, and of course in- tending stay, when Sophia exclaimed:

"You are indeed very polite, Mr. Wallen- berg! But do you not wish to speak to any one?"

"Oh, I spoke to the servant who admitted me; but will you have the kindness to give that letter to your mistress without delay?"

"Oh, there is no need of such haste; but, Mr. Wallenberg, will you not wait until I inform my mistress of your arrival?"

"That is unnecessary. Mademoiselle—"

He gave reins to his horse, and soon disap- peared from the sight of the indignant Sophia.

What the anxiously expected letter con- tained, we know not, but we are certain that its contents could have been of a pleasing cha- racter, for during the entire day, the widow's face was light, and her countenance was cheer- ful.

"It is indeed pleasant, madame, to see you look so happy and cheerful," said Mademoi- selle Sophia, unable to repress her astonish- ment.

Matilda was startled when she heard these words, and immediately resumed her usual expression of sorrow. She looked the very personification of woe.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"You are indeed very polite, Mr. Wallen- berg! But do you not wish to speak to any one?"

"Oh, I spoke to the servant who admitted

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to emigrate?"

"I'll commence outside—"

"That's you? Do! I should like very well to wear bombazine this cold weather. Please do it at once, too, if you're going to, for I should rather be out of deep mourning by mid- summer!"

"I shall blow my brains out!"

"Stop! don't do it here on sister's new Turkey carpet! Consider! It would be the ruination of it!"

"Be Heaven, I will pay you for this, madam!"

"Any time at your convenience, Doctor Grimshaw! And I shall be ready to give you a receipt in full upon the spot!" said the off, ering.

"Anything else to me this morning, Doctor Grimshaw? Give me a call when you come my way? I shall be much obliged for your patronage," she continued, courtesying and dancing off towards the door. "By the way, my dear sir, there is a brother to be dol- vered this evening, by our gifted young fellow- citizen, Mr. Thurston Wilkerson. Going to hear him? I can! Good-day!" she said, and closed her hand and vanished.

Grim! was going crazy! Everybody said it, and what with everybody else, his ever been uni- versally received as indisputable testimony. Many people, indeed, averred that Grim! never had been quite right—that he always had been queer, and that since his second marriage with that highly bit of a child, Jacqueline, he had been quieter than ever.

He would have been glad to prevent Jacque- line's from going to the lecture upon the even- ing in question; but there was no reasonable excuse for doing so. Everybody went to the lectures, which were very popular. Mrs. Waugh took a point of being particularly con- sent at every one. And she took charge of Jacqueline, whenever the duties of the latter induced her to go, which was as often as she secretly wished to "nancy Grim'." And, in fact, "to plague the Ogres" was her only ex- tive in being present, for truth to tell, the off cared very little for the lectures or his subjects, and usually spent the whole evening in yawning behind her pocket handkerchief. Upon this evening, however, the lecture fired even the flighty fancy of Jacqueline, as the sat upon the front seat between Mrs. Waugh and Doctor Grimshaw. The subject of the dis- course was "The Progress of Civilization." Therefore was in one of the lecturer's sentences and his lecture was a glorious panorama of history—a succession of pictures, each presenting, in living form and color, some marked page in the book of the world—some distinct stage in the progress of humanity. Un- der his masterly hand, you saw the tents and herds of the patriarchs, the rude architecture and the ruder manners that succeeded; next Egypt, with her haughty days. Greece, in her glory and in her degradation; Rome, in her rise and progress and decline and fall; the feudal times; the dark ages; chivalry and ro- mance; the settlement of the New World; and through all these, ran that fine, philosophical and liberal recollection of a part of her actual life on earth. Poor Jacko was wondering "If I can!"

Grim! sat in a leathern chair, at the farthest corner of the room, occupied with the business of look and reading Jacqueline. Suddenly he broke into her brown study by exclaiming.

"I should like to know what you are doing, and how long you intend to remain standing there before my face?"

"Oh! indeed! should you?" mocked Jacko, startled out of her reverie, yet instantly re- covering her self-possession.

"What were you doing, and—"

"Looking at myself in the glass, to be sure!"

"Don't cut off my question, if you please! You are going on to inquire of what you were thinking so profoundly. And Madam, or Miss—"

"Madam, if you please! the dear knows, I paid heavy enough for my new dignity, and don't intend to abate one degree of it! So if you call me Miss again, I'll not come near you or listen nor to tell you—no! Besides, I'd have you to know! I'm very proud of it! And you, too! Say, 'Grim!' Aint you a proud and happy man to be married?" asked Jacko, tantalingly.

"Yes trifle! You do so with a purpose! But it shall not avail you! I demand to know an opportunity to defy Doctor Grimshaw, by attending the lectures against his consent.

At the end of that time, on the following evening, it was announced in the church that Mr. Will- liam Ellis would lecture on the following even- ing, and announced his intention to attend the lecture. Dr. Grimshaw looked at Jacque- line, to note how she was affected by the news. Poor Jacko had been under Marian's guard in- structions all day, and appeared quite cool and artificial and uncertain way, "trying to be good"—as an experiment to please you. Marian, she said, and so was I, and so will answer." Poor Elf! "no false pride up false, provok- ing smile of joy to Doctor Grim! fronted, but that seven of Thurston's artfull with the outward calmness that was perfectly true to the perfect heart Jacqueline's disposition.

"She has grown puerile!—that is a very bad sign—I shall watch her the closer," muttered Doctor Grim! behind his teeth, as he bowed the gentlemen went home that day, his keen, pallid face was frightful to look upon.

"I fell in long o' Doctor Grimsay, to-day at church, Miss Edit—as' tiare to Marster, he look so sharp and wild I was afeard to speak to him," said Jenny, that day, as she put dinner on the table. Nor was Jenny the only gossip and commentator upon the professor's looks and manners.

"Did you see Professor Grimshaw?" Was can be the matter with that man?" inquired Miss Mercy Bell, next day.

"An ill balanced mind," answered the Colonel, oracularly. "No man with a head shaped like his, can be perfectly sane."

"Miss Jackoline, honey, I doesn't want to frighten you, but I'm afeard Marse Grim' has you take my 'vice and don't 'woke de 'Sooner! Case, child, I catch my eye on to him as he come in—he! dere I goes, I 'member it as 'Sam, 'tis he, now, mine I tell you," said old Aunt Dinah, next day to her young mistress, and whispering mysteriously.

"A good soul, suppose you mind your tar- keys and geese, and leave your affairs of im- portance to the proper authorities," replied Jacqueline, pettishly.

"Poor fellow!" said Jacko, dropping the bellows and sidling up to him in a wheedling, coaxing, sympathetic manner. "I'm sorry for how! don't get excited and go into the high- strikes! You can't have it, you know, and it's repulsive as Time in the Primer, are more than Thurston Wilkerson can help being handsome and interesting, and speaking well, and—"

It was of no, then, you were thinking, Jacqueline! I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed the professor, starting up, throwing down his book, and pacing the floor.

"Oh, no! I'm sure I—I—I—" said Jacko, with submissive—

"You admit it, then! You—you—you—" —"Unprincipled female!" There! I have helped you to the words! And now if you don't indeed be a pity if the gentleman should be received only by a common servant, disappeared forth to meet the visitor, and hastily removed the papers from her hair, and arranged the long ringlets satisfactorily, she then set forth to meet the visitor, and Sophia was somewhat vexed when the thought of the last time with which Victor had troubled to ac- cord her former advances; but yet she thought it would be a pleasing change in her monotonous life to look upon a face which can describe her angry mortification, when the young man received her with the greatest in- difference possible! He presented the letter to her, and without a word or glance of fare- well, turned his horse's head, and of course in- tending stay, when Sophia exclaimed:

"You are indeed very polite, Mr. Wallen- berg! But do you not wish to speak to any one?"

"Oh, I spoke to the servant who admitted

What do you think it will be when it's done, aunty? Will he set the Chesapeake on fire, and run away by the light of it?"

"Don't tickle, dear Lagerlia, but be circumspect, be cautious!"

From the Sunday School to the Sporting Wednesday, and one quiet day in the week, Mrs. Wilkerson is the hostess. On that day Wednesday morning, Jacqueline, in the nursery, where Jacqueline imposed order, gazing out of the window, and losing no boy who passed, cried out big person's voice, "Mamma, it is a man, kind sirs, and saying,

"Jacqueline, you know that I don't like to be fooled in the house lately. You are hoaxed. You must go out more. Mr. Wilkerson lectures this morning. Perhaps you would like to hear him. If so, I withdraw my former prohibition, which was, perhaps, too harsh; and I beg you will follow your own inclinations, if they lead you to go.

You should have seen Jacko's eyes and eyebrows! the former were dilated in their utmost capacity, while the latter were elevated to their highest altitude. The professor's eyebrows were inverted together, and his eyes sought the ground, as he continued,

"I myself have an engagement at Leonardtown this afternoon, which will detain me all night, and therefore shall not be able to escort you; but Mrs. Waugh, who is going will doubtless take you under her charge. Would you like to go?"

"I had already intended to go," replied Jacqueline, without relaxing a muscle of her face.

The professor nodded and left the room.

Soon after, Jacqueline sought her aunty, whom she found in the pantry, mixing mincemeat.

"I say, aunty,—"

"Well, Lapeing?"

"When Satan turns saint, suspicion is safe, is it not?"

"What do you mean, Lapeing?"

"Why, just now, when I came to see mamma, politely apologized for his late rudeness, and proposed that I should go with you to hear Mr. Wilkerson's lecture, while he, the professor, goes to Leonardtown to fulfil an engagement. I say, aunty, I sniff a plot, don't you?"

"I don't know what to make of it, Lapeing! Are you going?"

"Of course I am. I always intended to."

No more was said at the time.

Immediately after dinner, Doctor Grimshaw ordered his horse, and saying that he was going to Leonardtown and should not be back till the next day, set forth.

And after an early tea, Mrs. Waugh and Jacqueline set out in the family sleigh. A swift run over the hard frozen snow, brought them to Old Fields, where they stopped a moment to pick up Marian, and then cheering for glory at the same rate of speed, they reached the lecture-room in full time.

It was quite crowded, but through the politeness of one of the professors, the three ladies were conducted up the length of the room, and seated upon the front bench that had been reserved for the clergy—some of the latter having way to accommodate them. The young lecturer was just about to commence his discourse. I will not weary you by any report of it—but scarcely remark that as usual, he completely magnetized the superior portion of his audience, and that at all the final passages of his oratory, his eyes were irresistibly fastened, to the bench where sat Mrs. Waugh, Marian, and Jacqueline. As for the latter, she was perhaps the very least enchanted of all his hearers—she was in fact an escapade, and found the discourse so entirely uninteresting that it was with difficulty she could refrain from yawning in the face of the orator. Mrs. Waugh also, perhaps was but half mesmerized, for her eyes would continually wander from the lecturer's pulpit, to the side window on her right hand. At length she stooped and whispered to Jacqueline,

"Child, be cautious. Dr. Grimshaw is on the ground—he sees us face rise up to the lower pane of glass at the corner of that window, several times. He must be crouched down on the outside."

Jacqueline gave a little start of surprise—her face underwent many changes of expression, she glanced furtively at the indicated window, and there she saw a pale, wild face glare for an instant against the glass, and then drop. She nodded her head quickly—muttering,

"Oh! I'll pay him!"

"Don't child! don't do anything inprudent, for gracious sake! That man is crazy—any one can see he is!"

"Oh, aunty, I'll be sure to pay him! He shan't live in my debt much longer. Soft, aunty! Don't look toward the window again! Don't, for him perceive that we see him—and then, you'll see what you'll see. I have a counter plot!"

This last sentence was muttered to herself by Jacqueline, who thereupon straightened herself up—looked the lecturer steadily in the eyes—and gave her undivided attention to him during the rest of the evening. There was a much more appreciating and admiring hearer in the room, than Jacqueline's affected to be. Her face was radiant, her eyes shone, her cheeks flushed, her pretty lips glowing breathlessly apart—in short whole form, and face told the truth. Any one might have thought the little creature bewitched. But the fascinating orator need not have flattered himself that he had known it. Jacqueline really neither saw nor knew nor heard his words, she was seeing pictures of Grim's bitter jealousy, mortification and rage, as he beheld her from his corner the wheedling intercession of what she meant to do to him. And when at last the forged letter—self and signed her hand caught excitedly, it was not at the glorious peroration of the oration—but at the perfection of her own little plot!

When the lecturer had finished, and—a most astonished the subject and the time of the next lecture, Jacqueline, instead of rising with the rest of the audience, showed a disposition to remain her seat.

"Come, my dear, I am going," said Mrs. Waugh.

"Wait, aunty, I don't like to go in a crowd."

Mrs. Waugh waited while the people pressed towards the outer door.

"I wonder whether the professor will wait and join us when we return home?" said Mrs. Waugh.

"We shall see," said Jacqueline. "I wish he may. I believe he will. I am prepared for such an emergency."

In the meantime, Thurston Willerson had descended from the platform, and was shaking hands right and left with the few people who had lingered to speak to him. Then he approached Mrs. Waugh's party, bowed, and afterwards shook hands with each member of it, only excusing Marian's hand the trouble of a mimic bow, and giving it an earnest pressure on relinquishing it. Then he, making the health of the family of Lochenaugh, commended upon the weather, the state of the roads, etc., and with a valedictory look withdrew, and followed the retreating crowd.

"I think we can go now," said Mrs. Waugh.

"Yes," said Jacqueline, rising.

Upon reaching their sleigh, they found all chilled with the sleigh, drawn up to receive them. Jacqueline looked over the back of one of the cushions—Doctor Grimshaw was on the grounds—and seeing him as she knew she personaged herself that he must have hastened home. But she saw Doctor Grimshaw, unaccompanied by any one. No one could but notice the strong resemblance between Jacqueline and her aunt in their dress. Widow-ness, when it was too dark to note the striking difference in complexion and expression. Doctor Grimshaw approached with, keeping his cheek partially hidden by his face, as if to defend it from the wind, that probably increased it. Then the evil spirit entered Jacqueline, and tempted her to slide cautiously up to the professor, slip her arm through his arm, and whisper,

"Uncertain! Come! Jump in the sleigh and go home with us. We shall have such a nice time! Old Grim' has gone to Leonardtown, and won't be home till late—midnight!"

"Ah, indeed! By Jo. Jodus! you are delicious, Jacko! I have now full evidence that you do love me. By all the saints! you shall answer for this trick," said the professor, between Jacqueline's teeth, as he chuckled her arm tightly, "so, and dragged her towards the sleigh.

Ha! ha

"I pray to my God! well I don't care! If mistake I commission it is not the first time you shall have fallen about me! I laughed Jacko indistinctly. "a man!" said Jacko.

He threw her in the sleigh, followed her. Mrs. Waugh sleigh already seen after her, and took the reins, jumped in after her, and took the reins, jumped in after her.

"Why, I thought the lad said," Lonardtown this afternoon, set out for that?" said Mrs. Waugh, under her breath.

"You may have jumped to on, mystify false and dangerous, melancholious

"I had, indeed, that is connivin, prudely of this unprincipled!" thought Jacqueline imagined that you were safe from a sure. It was an error. You are both discovered!" said the professor, flogged).

Henrietta was almost enraged.

"Doctor Grimshaw," she said, "nothing but cold-compact prevents me from ordering my servant to stop and eject you from the sleigh!"

"I advise you to let well-compact, or any other matter, pass, please, my dear madam, Jacko, Jacko, Jacko

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1855.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 2d, the bill of Mr. Brodhead, for granting bounty land to the officers and soldiers of the war of 1812, came up, on per assignment.

A desultory debate took place, in which most of the Senators present took part, and during which Mr. Brodhead proposed to amend the second section of the bill, so that the widows, and next the children of the prisoners should receive the bounty land.

[illegible]

other parts remained in a way which will not stand scrutiny. He took it for granted that the President desires his views fully discussed. The Message fell far short of being what the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Bayly) said it would be—"a model message." He suggested that the Message be referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Phillips acquiesced, and it was so referred.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill for the relief of purchasers and locators on swamp and overflowed lands.

[illegible]

On the 3d, Mr. Latham, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported back the bill to continue in force for one year from the 3d of March next, the acts for the adjudication of land claims in California. Passed.

The morning hour was occupied in considering the bill amendatory to the Act graduating and reducing the prices of the public lands to actual settlers and cultivators.

Mr. Dawson offered an amendment giving 160 acres of land to actual settlers, at 12½ cents per acre, on condition of actual cultivation.

The House, without concluding the subject, went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, on the bill for the relief of settlers on certain swamp and overflowed lands.

[illegible]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 8.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

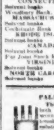
[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY DREXEL & CO., BROKERS.

[illegible]

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.



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THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER.

[illegible]

LIVER COMPLAINT.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW WORK.

[illegible]

T. B. PETERSON

1,000 AGENTS WANTED.

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COUNTRY BANKS AND BANKERS.

[illegible]

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

[illegible]

3,000 AGENTS WANTED.

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BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

[illegible]

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PHILADELPHIA CRYSTAL BUILDING,

F. H. SMITH,

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CHARLES H. GALLAGHER,

[illegible]

S. M. HOPPER. GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

[illegible]

JEWELRY

SILVERWARE.

PLATED WARE.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA WATCH and JEWELRY STORE.

[illegible]

BOOK AGENTS!

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

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DAGUERREOTYPES!

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together with a variety of other noted Makers.

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and will sell at the very Lowest Market Prices for Cash or credit.

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[illegible]

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

[illegible]

THE NEW WORLD.

[illegible]

BUCHANAN'S ANTHROPOLOGY.

JUST PUBLISHED,

[illegible]

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.

[illegible]

THE YOUNG FOLKS' GLEE BOOK. NOW READY.

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IMPORTED FRENCH AND DOMESTIC MANUFACTURED FURNITURE,

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A lady sends us the following letter, enclosing $25:—

"Your 'Lady's Book' has ever been a favorite with me. I have been a subscriber for eight years. Whenever I receive a copy, everything else is laid aside until its pages are all read over. Allow me to say I think it one of the most beautiful and really useful monthlies now in circulation, and one I can recommend with confidence to every Christian lady, without running the hazard of aiding in the circulation of a pernicious work. I know of no magazine more elevated in its character, and none which I think so well adapted to the wants of every lady.

"*Illinois, Dec. 10, 1854.*"

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[illegible]

JOSEPH E. McILHENNEY & SON, DENTISTS,

[illegible]

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

[illegible]

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. A. WINCH,

[illegible]

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED German Bitters,

[illegible]

NEW AND WONDERFUL HYGEANA.

[illegible]

CANCER.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

MAUD [illegible]

BY [illegible]

[illegible]ULLER.

AND O. WHITTIER.

...nd Maine, on a summer's day,
Behind the meadow mount rode boy.

Beneath his knee had gleamed the wealth
Of ripened corn, and heavy heads

Hanging, she wrought, and her sunny glen
The smoke-tint reddened from his tree.

Thus, where the farm-roof towers,
White from its hillslope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow-land across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From fairer hands was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

And listened at the door, and wondered whether
The cool in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her practical use of common things.

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, the new mown hay should dry,
Rain is rain enough, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and treat me as his wife.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge he laid back as he rimmed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form across her, a face more sweet,
With its pure tint of the rose complete,

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I today,
Like her, a harvester of hay!

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his eyes, the Judge rode on,
And Maud saw him all in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he spoke of his future wife so soon;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the sweetbrier clomb the hill.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He mused a picture came and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their autumn woodland rain.

Oh, when the voice to his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his gilded room,
To dream of meadows and clover bloom.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were single again!"

"I envy no wife I rule that day,
Whom the husband considers richest her by."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their dark lines on her patient brow.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the tattle-cart from the field
Over the roadway, through the weld,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his bridle rein;

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinet turned,
The tallow candle to wax-lights burned,

And on her left-hand hung the ring
Which proved her household's crowning.

A matron now at forty years,
She sees her daughters at their play.

Fair girls, with soft brown hair like hers!
Who knows but one may grow to be

Thus, she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only: "It might have been!"

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repose and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

Atlantic Monthly.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM DEMERARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NUMBER XXVII.

The Morning Walk—The Temple Bored—The Incense Changed—A Negro Chief Supposition That We Complained—Preparation for a Wedding.

The next morning the powerful sun beat in at our chamber windows. I could look far without, but all was one wide wilderness of tropical vegetation, with a fresh little scent of moist water quarter of a mile distant, spanned by a rustic bridge—underneath which could be seen the faint sparkle of the canal, and the different orchids tried to hide that, with our pleasure-boat in the midst. I cannot describe the first and mingled sensations of my waking at neglected Java. It was painful to see how the wild mangroves ran at its own will over the boundaries of what had been a beautiful if brassie-grounds, trampling down and crushing out the sweet flowers of the soil. It was heartrending to see the coarse wide grass springing over and bearing under its broad bellows tufts of the most gorgeous little flower strewn artlessly in vain to maintain their proper rank and dignity.

"Come out with us," cried a merry voice, and soon after we were threading our way along the narrow ditches, on whose banks the coffee shrub threw out its graceful limbs in the vicinities, all glowing and rising with their red berries, brilliantly though as yet immaturely beautiful.

Parasitical lianes, thick, green and glossy, drooped in wreaths from the wide branches of the mango—the latter fruit being at the time in tempting abundance wherever the eye chanced to turn. A shady little grove of gum-copals was the fairest finish of our morning's walk—notwithstanding the forbidding appearance of certain creeping things, the immense circumference of small but deep thickets, and the bellicose footpath which nevertheless filled our short, relaxed wearied, I was very unwilling to give up my investigation. But I did. The sun was too powerful, the heat, when we walked, struck down with violence, and the footpath abounded in mud. It was somehow a fine thirsty way, and even in the world of shade, with the confusion of monster insects rising from the moist, dark ground, and the impression of deadly

> a silence and rain visible upon everything
> The holy day passed in the stillness of that Sunday,

Disturbed over my own thrifty land, and to me as though it should ever, according [illegible] reaches], be "pulled up as a sacrilege."

Looking a, the dwelling house of Java, I wonder, I really thought a small genius [illegible] had flitted and hovered my steps. A metallic cover, mould grown green on its rim of the [illegible] the house: the [illegible] peace, leaned against a child of some four [illegible] tachy [illegible] abstraction, his long, He looked longest, sagacious dimpled knees with the [illegible] the frame sheet.

"What's the matter, Mr. [illegible]?" winding my arm cautiously [illegible]. He had but leaned upon my hand, [illegible] his large, heavy eyes [illegible] upon me, "I've got the fever."

[illegible] aching [illegible] fearned tonsils his! An [illegible] strange land, and no tender mother to [illegible] him in "fever." I thought of the cells [illegible] this previous voyage through which he had passed only one short, year ago, of the mother's delight [illegible] her handsome little son, of her sudden death, her subsequent resting place, and her heart bled afresh for the little child on the bed—"the fever," and no mother to love him. While comfortably adjusting the little [illegible], said "Mordore," with strong [illegible] here, passed through the hall carrying a spoon and pitch.

"Where are you going, Mordore?" I asked, "do you work on Sunday?"

"Going for fix [illegible] de ground" for missionplace de Lord, Miss," he answered, touching his forhead from, hence, and [illegible] down.

Presently I saw him through the large window out in the fields of the flowers and the tall, rank [illegible] digging up the boiled earth.

> His bare arms [illegible] with delicate [illegible]
> And his short things covered with rust,
> And through openings of the [illegible]
> With labored motion and shortened breath,
> As he plied the [illegible] of the [illegible]
> A grain in the midst of the [illegible] tree.
>
> And he spoke no word save "I [illegible]" as he found
> A rich deep [illegible] beneath the ground,
> And he bent and measured, with stiffened knee,
> So many feet for the hallowed [illegible],
> And he whooked and worked every minute
> [illegible]
> All [illegible] of "Mordore" [illegible]
> Of the burial land, and [illegible] house,
> And to fight a grave as he'd open a feast.
> "Fix" hole in de ground," and nothing more.

I thought, while watching him at his work, how beautiful and beloved. "Did she ever dream of this?" I thought, looking upward to the tall palms that waved majestically a hundred feet over our heads. Did she ever wish to die and be buried among her kindred, in the little church-yard, where flowers bloom in summer, and the sun keeps drifts of beauty in winter? Did she not kneel then the shadow of the old church might rest lightly on her grave? Oh! yes, she buried and trusted for all these, but she will sleep just as sweetly here.

The coffin was laid upon the ground—the servants stood reverently by—a few little ones dressed in simple garments were grouped about their weeping father, and Betty led the way into the open grave. My husband read the funeral service; old Mertens, who had stood bearing his white head upon his staple, three times said clods upon the metal coffin at the words "ashes to ashes," a few tears fell upon the children, the children huddled closer, the father wept alone—and in that tropical stillness, the coffin was lowered, and sealed up till the last day.

Such things affect me deeply; but here the impression seemed to wear off soon. An hour after, old Mertens was showing his treasures, and bidding after a style that would have filled amateur with horror. Witchy Witch heaped from the porch, rolling his wide eyes till color and shade were invisible—our two Indians lay at full length on the ground, jabbering; the children played quietly; the gentlemen conversed; and I alone was gravely silent.

My ramblers were soon, however, called into action by the appearance of a tame *Ada negro* dandy, tall, slender and dressed after the most approved style of African magnificence. A wide brimmed tile covered his head, which, however, he very gracefully removed—and his head, but the hair—a "smashing" carnat of innumerable colors pomatumed each side of his whiskerless jaws. A fancy frill stood out between the bright buttons of a short crimson vest, from the pocket of which hung an immense yellow seal, possibly gold, but probably brass; his coat was brown, striped with light straw color, his trousers nankeen, and his pumps finished with large bows and buckles.

But his manner. Description can be attempted, as the cannot supported that mingling of grandiloquence with lofty pity for us, poor benighted whites.

"Well, Mr. Lansdales—I said our host, gravely, "what is your wish?"

"My wish, Mr. Corwin," answered the gentleman, bowing deeply, "is to see you, but my wish is to have a wedding" over dar, at old Miss Flandaires and we'd like for to hab your company, sir.

"Certainly, Mr. Lansdales—I will be there."

"As' it's you pleases, sir, you'll [illegible] Miss what's older her than, and you, Jim, [illegible] and going down with a round grave, She will [illegible] nigger [illegible]

The negro's wheel to a quarter turned,
The yellow candle no [illegible]

And on him with set by the chimney lay,
Dozing and [illegible] o'er pipe and [illegible]

A musty [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
And [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only: "It might have been!"

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repose and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

Atlantic Monthly.

City Scenes.

POTICHOMANIE.

MAMMA.—Why, goodness gracious, Arabella, what on earth are you making that mess for?"

ARABELLA.—Mess, Mamma! Why, it's all the fashion—it's Potichomanie!"

MAMMA.—*(Apprently surprised.)* "Oh! I see!"

Selected Articles.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY MRS. MARY A. RIDDER.

> Her bosom no rich and costly robe—
> No gems in her hair she wore;
> And yet her pure and roseate face,
> Proves wealth she had in store.
> To make her passing fair.
>
> With hardened glance of coarse love
> She casts no smile or word,
> And through the mist, or dusty street,
> To mean work she is wending fast,
> The pale girl toil jostled.
>
> Yet soon, though, calm as the blood,
> The crimson tide that fain would speak!
> As on to its source it slowly flows,
> As on clear still hot look she gives,
> Then turns and on her cheek.
>
> That blush was not a tinge of crimson—
> Those tears are not the tears of sin,
> Those looks, so full of purity,
> Speak beaming from the lone heart,
> Yet tell what blush they are.
>
> Those tears but speak a mother's need—
> A widowed mother, thin and pale,
> For who will give the orphan meal,
> And find the orphan's bread,
> When her weak cheek's fled?
>
> But Mary's heart is large and true,
> And Mary's hands are ready to aid!
> And never cease that kindness flow,
> Till Mary's heart, and cold, and weak
> As that dear mother, fail.
>
> God bless that Mary, day by day,
> And may her self-strength be given,
> And when her toil's work is done,
> Her soul to Heaven be driven,
> Thy evil shall be in vision.

Home Journal.

TRIFLES AND CONSEQUENCES

If in the world of spirits the consequence of every trifling act of life is known, how great will be the pleasure of those whose evil works and words are so numerous as the sands of the sea shore! Who is there that cannot trace back to the most trifling incident or accident the cause of an entire change in his whole life? Some have been made immortal—lost by the turning of a feather, their children educated, given inheritance, and perhaps charged with the destiny of a nation; while others have become poor in consequence of some slight and almost imperceptible incident. Poverty has brought on disease or dissipation, and a vagabond's life or a drunkard's grave became his portion. Some are rich and most unfortunate in consequence of fortunes—as traces their coming to them. Some are wandering in a gazebo in the street, or the running away of a colt, or perhaps, as in an instance we have heard of, the breaking of a leg. Had that man not been maimed at home, and been fortunate, how different would have been the situation of his families. Their daughters, instead of dancing in silks to Broadway, and enjoying a seat at the opera, would have been found in the more worthy occupation of making butter and cheese. Supposing that one has forgotten to fence different quarters of the globe, and thereby the destiny of nations, would such new habit: ware might have been made to avoided, as subsequent circumstances have disclosed.

Thirty years ago two boys in New Hamden quarreling over a bet of hooking. To get rid of one of them, he was sent to New York, and in less than one of our first shipping merchants, a distinguished man, and owner of a line of packets. A dispute about a tin dipper with the other, and consequent resentment, led to the fact that cost a thousand dollars, and laid the foundation of the fortune of one of our millionaires, who now counts his diggers and stands—that dipper and that tale—all. The commissions did not return.

A celebrated scholar was once attacked with fever at a small country town. He was cupped by two physicians, and one of them supposing, by the gravity of the symptoms, that he would not understand a foreign language, said to the other, in Latin: "Let's try an experiment upon this rather fine fellow—if he recovers gain, the patient can get out of bed, buried his wife, forfeited the Presidency and fled to Louisiana, and gave the State a Democratic Governor, by whose vote war was declared in 1812 with Great Britain. Can that hog, now in another world, on the consequences of that act of disobedience, and does he enjoy the consequence of the murderer of a thousand human beings?

Napoleon became a soldier in consequence of one disobedient act to his mother—then General, Corporal, Emperor, and Exile. Washington became, in early life, a favorite with Lord Fairfax, and subsequently with Mount—then thousands of our people, and purchased Lafayette, turned thither the tide of British interest, and will change the destiny of the world. By not giving the right change for a sixpence, a boy presented a passenger from getting on board of a ferry-boat. On the next passage, he was drowned, and the passenger, by whose kindness he was found, became the means of his restoration to life. Another boy, who was then the ferry-boat passenger, may have made a newsboy by some unlucky stroke—or perhaps the embankment of his mother. The young man is a rare instance of hereditary elevation and success which such negative antecedents seem to lose in prospect. I, yesterday, in the passenger of half a dozen "hackers, Boghing" adroit him to go to the President and Mrs. Washington, and was their nurse to many subsequent to Neil Cantis or her sister, at Georgetown. The young gentleman blushed, and he may have her heart to Boston, but I took him the first search in the United States."

Grizwold's Republican Court.

THE HAND OF GOD IN THE DESERT.—Bayard Taylor, in his "Journal to Central Africa," thus speaks of the natural boundary of the great desert, never became monolonous. I rose at dawn, every morning, to behold my eyes with a handful of the precious water, and drank a cup of coffee. After the tent had been struck, and the camels laden, I walked ahead for half an hour, before the sun rose in advance that I lost sight and hearing of the caravan. I found in enjoying the fascination in the sublime solitude of the desert. I often beheld the sun rise, when, within the wide circle of the horizon, there was not a living creature to be seen. As cause by like a god, in solitary glory, and would have been a natural act had I cast myself upon the sand and worshiped him. The sublime and change in the coloring of the landscape, on his appearance—the lighting up of the dull sand into a warm, golden hue, and the flinging of purple and violet on the distant porphyry hills—was a morning miracle, which I never beheld without awe. The richness of this coloring made the desert beautiful: it was too brilliant for desolation. The scenery, on the contrary, was grand and exhilarated me. I never felt the sensation of physical health and strength in such perfection, and was ready to shout from morning till night, from the overthrow of happy spirits. The air is an elixir of life, an sweet and pure and refreshing as that which the first man breathed, at the morning of creating. You inhale the unadulterated elements of the atmosphere, for there are no exhalations from moist earth, vegetable decay, or animal life, and storms which arise from the absolute of men, in their petty power. This air, even more than the sun which will be spent in useless days in the gloomy forests of the north, is a good, strong cupes for a song, not with a soul, but with rings, in which the child could clasp its hands and crow with delight. Even the old would yield a thousand fold more amusement, and a far more healthful one, than the present idle hour. A few dollars spent in erecting some gymnastic apparatus, would pay largely in the health and happiness of the rising generation. A stationary ladder, some parallel bars, a couple of swings, and a few balls, would furnish less and wholesome amusement both to boys and girls, and would be found in the end far more economical of result, would lead a manly vigor to the whole character and constitution. Whatever may be the consequence, we should be sure to test the strength and give play to the muscles of our children. We have no doubt in these young limbs, impatient to grapple with something that shall try their strength, and that a gymnasium would be found a far better or play that does not call into full action their physical powers.

Throw to the flames those silly playthings which confine the child to the corner, and threaten to break under the first rude touch; buy a strong rope, and a stout pole, or a good and hatchet, and you need give yourself but little trouble to keep your child from wandering or wickedness. His rough tones, his boisterous mirth, will warm you a thousand thanks, and fill your heart with the precious love of childhood. Indeed! Yes, indeed! What, total indifference—total exhaustion, thorough indifference! Yes, total, entire, thorough indifference! Why, if these be your symptoms, you need no more physician, but to take your self to the nearest cemetery, and there, in the midst of the dead, and still and silent, you will find the only remedy for your complaint.

Journal of Education.

ALINE'S CHOICE.

BY EDITH MAY

> Midnight—a chamber—
> My dearest girl must to a partner for—
> Flowers, flowers, flowers, on the floor,
> Flowers, flowers, flowers, on the floor,
> Lamps like a dozen at the dearer [illegible]
> Lamps like a dozen at the dearer [illegible]
> Waiting to a [illegible] [illegible]
> Waiting to a [illegible] [illegible]
>
> Flowers, flowers, flowers, on the floor,
> With heads, and pink, and mounted stars,
> With [illegible] and [illegible]
> Wanders about over the [illegible] floor.
> Which for quarter is dropped, and the next is played
> The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
> Lord a [illegible]'s drink.
>
> Rattling [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
> With [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
> Which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
> Which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
> The